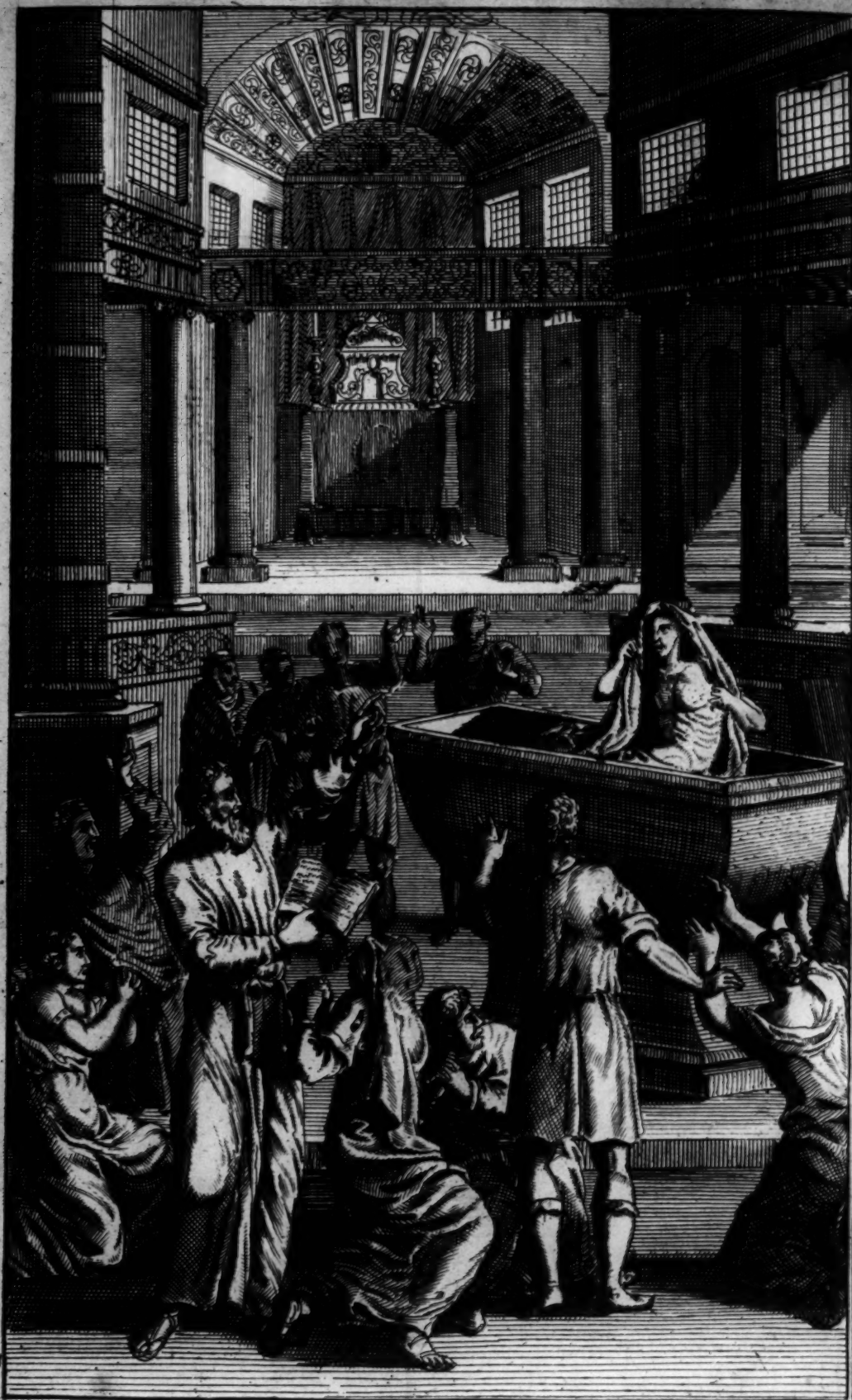
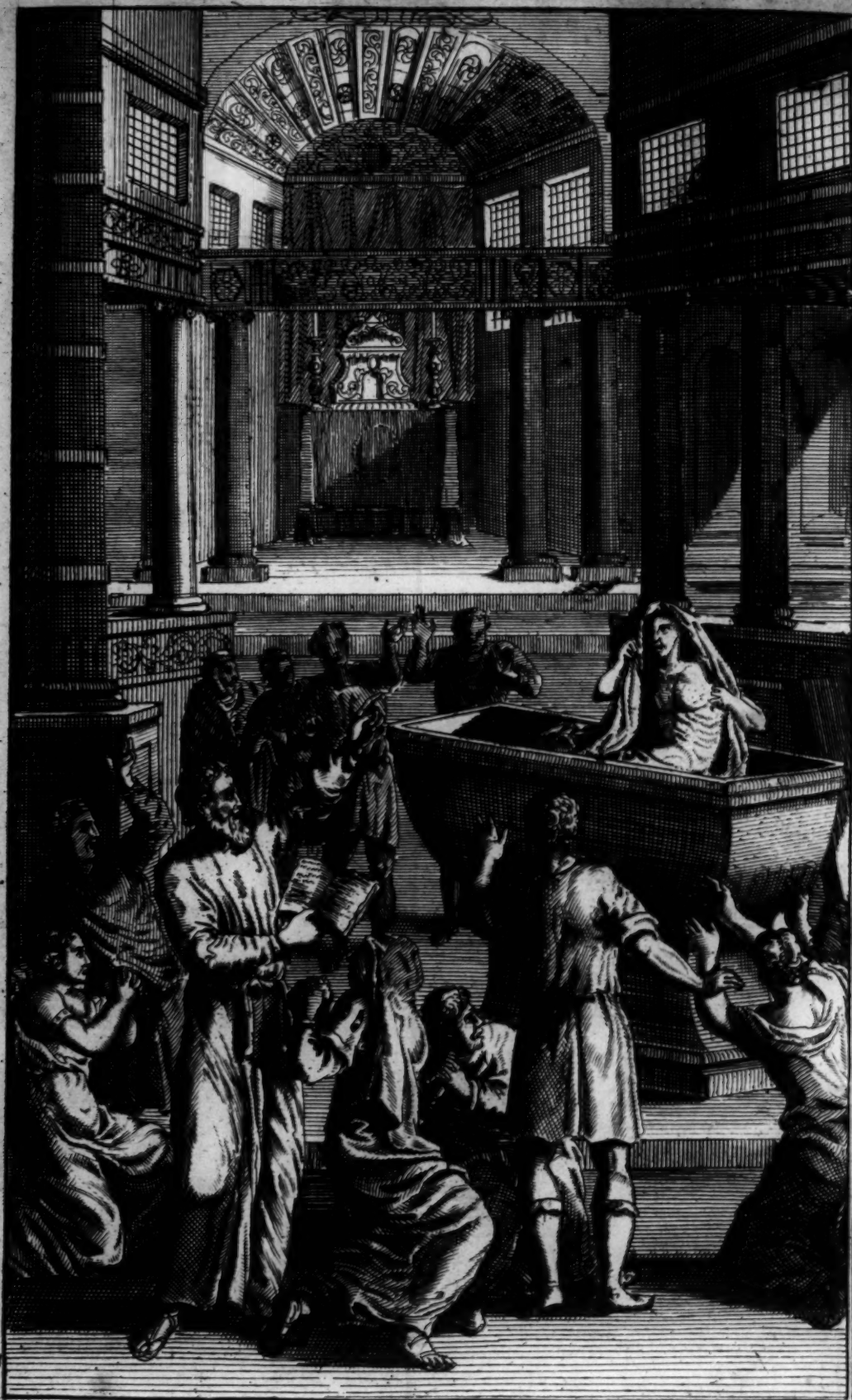






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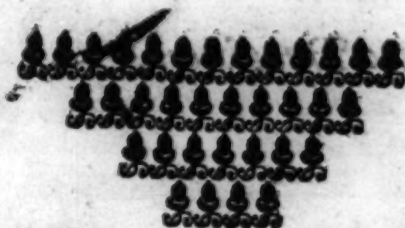
PURITAN:

OR, THE

WIDOW

OF

WATLING-STREET.



Printed in the YEAR 1709.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Godfrey, *Brother-in-Law to the Widow Plus.*
Master Edmond, *Son to the Widow Plus.*
George-Pye-board, *a Scholar and a Citizen.*
Sir Oliver Muck-hill, *a Suiter to the Lady Plus.*
Sir John Penny-Dub, *a Suiter to Moll.*
Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, *a Suiter to Frances.*
The Sheriff of London.
Captain Idle, *a Highway-man.*
Puttock
and } *Two of the Sheriff's Serjeants.*
Ravenshaw }
Dogson, *a Yeoman.*
Corporal Oath, *a vain-glorious Fellow.*
Nicholas St. Antlings, } *Serving-men to the Lady*
Simon St. Mary Overies, } *Plus.*
Frailty,
Peter Skirmish, *and old Soldier.*
A Nobleman.
A Gentleman Citizen.
Officers.

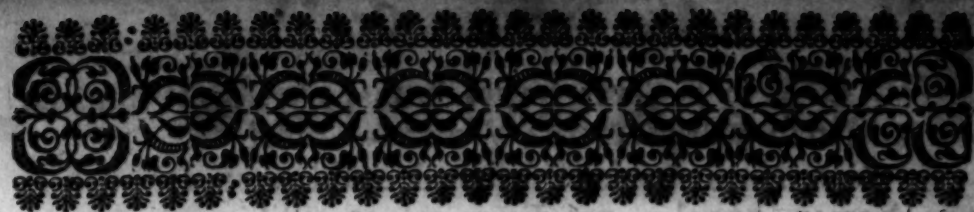
Lady Plus, a Citizen's Widow.

Frances,
and } *her two Daughters.*
Moll, }

SCENE LONDON.



THE



THE
PURITAN:
OR, THE
Widow of *Watling-street*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in Mourning. The Widow wringing her Hands, and bursting out into Passion, as newly come from the Burial of her Husband.

W I D O W.



H, that ever I was Born, that ever I was Born!

Sir God. Nay, good Sister, dear Sister, sweet Sister, be of good comfort, shew your self a Woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have lost the dearest Man, I have buried the sweetest Husband that ever lay by Woman.

Sir God. Nay, give him his due, he was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet, wise Man,—he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him, he was a Man so well given to a Woman—— oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind Sister, I could weep as much as any Woman, but alas, our Tears cannot call him again: methinks you are well read, Sister, and know that Death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all Men; —— a Man shall be taken when he's making water, —— nay, did not the learned Parson, Master *Pigman*, tell us e'en now, that all Flesh is frail, we are Born to Die, Man has but a time: With such like deep and profound perswasions, as he is a rare Fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader: and for Example, (as there are Examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die t'other Day, there's a lusty Widow, why she cry'd not above half an Hour —— for shame, for shame: Then followed him old Master *Fulsome* the Usurer, there's a wise Widow, why she cry'd ne'er a whit at all.

Wid. O rank not me with those wicked Women, I had a Husband out-shin'd 'em all.

Sir God. Ay that he did, i'faith, he out-shin'd 'em all.

Wid. Dost thou stand there and see us all weep, and not once shed a Tear for thy Father's Death? oh thou ungracious Son and Heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I should not weep I'm sure; I am past a Child I hope, to make all my old School-Fellows laugh at me; I should be mockt, so I should; pray let one of my Sisters weep for me, I'll laugh as much for her another time?

Wid. O thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight thou graceless Imp, thou grievest me more than the Death of thy Father: O thou stubborn only Son: hadst thou such an honest Man to thy Father——that would deceive all the World to get Riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little Salt-Water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right Heir of those Lands, which now you respect not: up every Morning betwixt four and five, so duly at *Westminster-Hall* every Term-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Absalon* ——
O dear Husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I protest I am glad he's Church'd; for now he's gone, I shall spend in quiet.

Fran.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray cease, half your Tears suffice;
'Tis time for you to take truce with your Eyes,
Let me weep now.

Wid. O such a dear Knight, such a sweet Husband have
I lost, have I lost! — if blessed be the Coarse the Rain
rains upon, he had it, pouring down.

Sir God. Sister, be of good chear, we are all mortal our
selves, I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without com-
fort, hear me what I shall say, — my Brother has left you
wealthy, you're rich.

Wid. O!

Sir God. I say you're rich: you are also fair.

Wid. O!

Sir God. Go to, you're fair, you cannot smother it,
Beauty will come to light; nor are your Years so far en-
ter'd with you, but that you will be sought after, and may
very well answer another Husband; the World is full of
fine Gallants, choice enow, Sister, — for what should
we do with all our Knights, I pray? but to marry rich
Widows, wealthy Citizens Widows, lusty fair-brow'd La-
dies. Go to, be of good comfort, I say, leave snobbing and
weeping, — yet my Brother was a kind-hearted Man. —
I would not have the Elf see me now, — come, pluck
up a Woman's Heart, — here stand your Daughters, who
be well Estated, and at maturity will also be inquir'd after
with good Husbands, so all these Tears shall be soon dry'd
up, and a better World than ever — what, Woman?
you must not weep still; he's dead, he's buried — yet I
cannot chuse but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that same part of Quire whereon I tread
To such intent, O, may it be my Grave:
And that the Priest may turn his Wedding-prayers,
Even with a breath, to Funeral dust and ashes;
O, out of a Million of Millions, I should ne'er find such a
Husband; he was unmatched — unmatched; nothing
was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of that
one thing that I had not, beside, I had Keys of all, kept all, re-
ceiv'd all, had Mony in my Purse, spent what I would, went a-
broad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what
I would: O — my sweet Husband; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister? ne'er say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you; that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: O if you love me urge it not.
O may I be the by-word of the World,
The common talk at Table in the Mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of Man.

[*Kneels.*

Moll. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Fran. And I, whom never Man as yet hath scal'd,
E'en in this depth of general Sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such loss,
As a dear Husband seems to be, once Dead.

Moll. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay, vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'd as soon vow never to come in Bed.

Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my Husband, O let me kiss thee:

[*Drawing out her Husband's Picture.*

How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my Tears: my sorrows are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister ———

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to Clay,
O my sweet Husband, O ———

Fran. My dear Father?

[*Exeunt Wid. and Fran.*

Moll. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the Women that ever buried Husbands; for if from time to time all the Widowers Tears in *England* had been Botled up, I do not think all would have fill'd a three-half-peny Bottle: alas, a small matter bucks a Handkerchief,—— and sometimes the Spittle stands too nigh *Saint Thomas a Watring's*. Well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another; but where I spend one Tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty Kisses for a quick Husband.

[*Exit Moll.*

Sir God. Well, go thy ways, old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving Sister-in-law.

law. How constant? how passionate? how full of *April* the poor Soul's Eyes are. Well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him. Truth, and 'twere not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next Garden should hear me betwixt Joy and Grief, I should e'en cry out-right. [Exit Sir Godfrey.]

Edm. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in dust, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the Worms will cut him up shortly: Farewel, old Dad, farewell; I'll be curb'd in no more: I perceive a Son and Heir may quickly be made a Fool, and he will be one, but I'll take another order; — Now she would have me weep for him forsooth, and why; because he cozen'd the right Heir being a Fool, and bestow'd those Lands on me his Eldest Son; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha: why, all the World knows, as long as 'twas his Pleasure to get me, 'twas his Duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Attorney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Ass, and an admirable Coxcomb, I'll rule the Roast my self, I'll be kept under no more, I know what I may do well enough by my Father's Copy: the Law's in mine own Hands now: Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be strong enough for my Mother, I warrant you.

[Exit.]

Enter George Pye-boord, and Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that were wont to be as hot as a Turn-spit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as lousie as a School-master; now thou art put to silence like a Sectary, — War sits now like a Justice of Peace, and does nothing; where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hot-shots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn? — Now Keys are our only Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawds the Gunners, — who are your Sentinels in Peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coughs; only your Chambers are licenst to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give Fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the Wars, I have spent above a hundred Crowns out of Purse: I have been a Soldier

dier any time: this forty Years, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one Destiny, and in the end turn both into Hob-nails.

Pye. Pretty Myſtery for a Beggar, for indeed a Hob-nail is the true Emblem of a Beggar's Shoe-ſoal.

Skir. I will not ſay but that War is a Blood-ſucker, and ſo; but in my Conſcience, (as there is no Soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes, like a ſhot Ancient, no matter, 'twill ſerve to ſwear by) in my Conſcience, I think ſome kind of Peace has more hidden oppreſſions, and violent heady Sins, (though looking of a gentle Nature) than a profeſt War.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, I have been matriculated in the University, wore out ſix Gowns there, ſeen ſome Fools, and ſome Scholars, ſome of the City, and ſome of the Country, kept Order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good Stomach, and battled with Diſcretion; at laſt, having done many flights and tricks to maintain my Wit in uſe (as my Brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the University, only for ſtealing a Cheeſe out of *Jeſus* Colledge.

Skir. Is't poſſible?

Pye. O! there was one *Welſhman* (God forgive him) purſued it hard, and never left, 'till I turn'd my Staff toward *London*, where when I came, all my Friends were pit-hold, gone to Graves, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my Wits, to ſhift in the World, to towre among Sons and Heirs, and Fools, and Gulls, and Ladies eldeſt Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever ſince has my Belly been much beholden to my Brain. But now to return to you, old *Skirmiſh*, I ſay as you ſay, and for my part with a Turbulency in the World, for I have nothing in the World, but my Wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to ſtrengthen your Argument the more, I ſay an honeſt War is better than a bawdy Peace. As touching my Profeſſion; the multiplicity of Scholars, hatcht and nourisht in the idle Calms of Peace, makes 'em like Fiſhes, one devour another; and the Community of Learning has ſo plaid upon affections, and thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſie, and

and discredited by being too much spoken of — in so many and mean Mouths. I my self being a Scholar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my Learning, but the Affection of my words, to know how Scholar-like to name what I want, and can call my self a Beggar both in Greek and Latin, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nourisher: a great Getter of Children, which must either be Thieves or rich Men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar; for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a Penny in his Purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not, old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Averni*, 'tis an easie Journey to a Knave, thou may'st be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other Professions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our Wits thrive in despite of her; for the Law lives by Quarrels, the Courtier by smooth Good-morrows, and every Profession makes it self greater by Imperfections, why not we then by Shifts, Wiles, and Forgeries? And seeing our Brains are the only Patrimonies, let's spend with judgment, not like a desperate Son and Heir, but like a sober and discreet Templer, — one that will never march beyond the bounds of his Allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my self will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skir. Very proper.

Pye. And you a Figure-caster, or a Conjuror.

Skir. A Conjuror?

Pye. Let me alone, I'll instruct you, and teach you to deceive all Eyes, but the Devil's.

Skir. O ay, for I would not deceive him, and I could chuse, of all others.

Pye. Fear not, I warrant you; and so by these means we shall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the Age affords Creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. O wondrous, new Fools and fresh Asses.

Pye. O, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye.

Pye. My Memory greets me happily with an admirable Subject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I saw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Husband, sure she's but a watrish Soul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: Device well manag'd may do good upon her: it stands firm, my first practice shall be there.

Skir. You have my Voice, *George*.

Pye. Sh'as a grey Gull to her Brother, a Fool to her only Son, and an Ape to her youngest Daughter; — I overheard 'em severally, and from their words I'll drive my device; and thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, shalt be my second in all flights.

Skir. Ne'er doubt me, *George Pye-Boord*, — only you must teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle pinion'd, and with a Guard of Officers passeth over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'll perfect thee, *Peter*:
How now! what's he?

Skir. O *George*! this sight kills me,
'Tis my sworn Brother, *Captain Idle*.

Pye. *Captain Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for some felonious Act or other, he has started out, has made a Night on't, lackt Silver; I cannot but commend his Resolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either some of us were imploy'd, or might pitch our Tents at Usurers Doors, to kill the Slaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed, those are our ancient Enemies; they keep our Mony in their Hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em: but come let's follow after to the Prison, and know the nature of this offence, and what we can stead him in, he shall be sure of; and I'll uphold it still, that a charitable Knave is better than a soothing Puritan.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one Door Corporal Oath, and at the other three of the Widow Puritan's Serving-Men, Nicholas St. Antlings, Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty, in black Scurvy Mourning Coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.

Nich. What, *Corporal Oath*? I am sorry we have met with you next our Hearts; you are the Man that we are for-

forbidden to keep company withal, we must not swear I can tell you, and you have the name for Swearing.

Sim. Ay, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do so much as forsake us, we cannot abide you, we must not be seen in your Company.

Frail. There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-shoes, Flesh a *Good-Fridays*; a Hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas St. Antlings*, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, has the De'il posses't you, that you swear no better, you Half-Christen'd *Katomites*, you Un-godmother'd Varlets, does the first Lesson teach you to be Proud, and the second to be Coxcombs; proud Coxcombs; not once to do duty to a Man of Mark.

Frail. A Man of Mark, quotha, I do not think he can shew a Beggar's Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of Spirit, that is able to blow you up all dry with your Books at your Girdles.

Sim. We are not taught to believe that, Sir, for we know the Breath of Man is weak.

[Corporal *breathes on* Frailty.]

Frail. Foh, you lye, *Nicholas*; for here's one strong enough; blow us up, quotha, he may well blow me above twelve-score off on him: I warrant, if the Wind stood right, a Man might smell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow Book of Wax-candle.

Nich. Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear not.

Corp. I swear by the——

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; for if you swear once, we shall fall down in a Swoon presently.

Corp. I must and will swear: you quivering Coxcombs, my Captain is imprison'd, and by *Vulcan's* Leather Cod-piece point——

Nich. O *Simon*, what an Oath was there?

Frail. If he should chance to break it, the poor Man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one Point to his Hose.

Corp.

Corp. With these, my Bully-Fleet, I will thump ope the Prison Doors, and brain the Keeper with the Begging-Box, but I'll set my honest sweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nich. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunt's Son, my dear Kinsman in *Cappadochio*.

Corp. Ay, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious outside thou; if thou hadst any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him out.

Nich. Assure you, Corporal, indeed-las, 'tis the first time I heard on't.

Corp. Why do't now then, *Marmaset*; bring forth thy yearly Wages, let not a Commander perish?

Sim. But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.

Nich. Well, Corporal, I'll e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will—but I have nothing for him, *Simon St. Mary-Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lie for me to the Knight, my Master, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Corp. A Lie? may you lie then?

Frail. O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.

Sim. True, we may lye with our Neighbour's Wife, but we must not swear we did so.

Corp. O, an excellent Tag of Religion.

Nich. O, *Simon*, I have thought upon a sound excuse, it will go currant, say that I am gone to a Fast.

Sim. To a Fast? very good.

Nich. Ay, to a Fast, say, with Master *Full-belly* the Minister.

Sim. Master *Full-belly*? an honest Man: He feeds the Flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

[*Exeunt Corporal and Nicholas.*]

Frail. O I, I have seen him eat a whole Pig, and afterward fall to the Pettitoes.

[*Exeunt Simon and Frailty.*]

The Marshalsea Prison. Enter Captain Idle at one Door, and an old Soldier at the other.

Pye. Pray turn the Key.

[*Speaking within.*]

Skir. Turn the Key, I pray.

Capt. Who should those be, I almost know their Voices? O my Friends!

[*Entering.*
You're

You're welcome to a smelling Room here; you newly took leave of the Air, is't not a strange savour?

Pye. As all Prisons have smells of sundry Wretches; Who, though departed, leave their scents behind 'em. By Gold, Captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.

Capt. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, pish—— what must be, must be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lye in for? is't great? what's your Offence?

Capt. Faith, my Offence is ordinary,——common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, prophesie not so ill, it shall go hard, But I'll shift for thy Life.

Capt. Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest *George*. I'll tell you——Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, for now the Tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers, I had a start out, and by chance set upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purse had been as pursie as his Body; and the Slave had about him but the poor purchase of ten Groats: Notwithstanding being descryed, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim, in respect of many desperate, unsettled Soldiers, that I fear me I shall dance after their Pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sorry for you, Captain; first, that your Purchase was so small, and now that your Danger is so great.

Capt. Push, the worst is but death,——ha' you a Pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me.

[*Captain blows a Pipe.*]

Capt. Here's a clean Gentleman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I must cast about some happy flight: Work Brain, that ever didst thy Master right.

[*Corporal and Nicholas within.*]

Corp. Keeper, let the Key be turn'd.

Nich. Ay, ay, pray, Master Keeper, give's a cast of your Office.

Capt. How now? more Visitants? ——what, Corporal Oath?

Pye. Skir. Corporal.

Corp.

Corp. In Prison, honest Captain? this must not be.

Nich. How do you, Captain Kinsman?

Capt. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure—— starcht Fool here?

Nich. You see, Kinsman, I am somewhat bold to call in, and see how you do; I heard you were safe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worse.

Capt. This is a double torture now,——this Fool by th' Book doth vex me more than my Imprisonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Corp. Who, he? he shall relieve thee, and supply thee, I'll make him do't.

Capt. Fy, what vain Breath you spend: He supply? I'll sooner expect Mercy from an Usurer when my Bond's forfeited, sooner Kindness from a Lawyer when my Mony's spent: nay, sooner Charity from the Devil, than Good from a Puritan. I'll look for Relief from him when *Lucifer* is restor'd to his Blood, and in Heav'n again.

Nich. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left Ear burns most tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*? what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Capt. Pshaw; a foolish Cousin of mine: I must thank God for him.

Pye. Why, the better subject to work a scape upon; thou shalt e'en change Clothes with him, and leave him here, and so——

Capt. Push, I publisht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd e'er he do me so much good; why, I know a more proper, a more handsome Device than that, if the Slave would be Sociable,——now Goodman *Fleer-face*?

Nich. O, my Cousin begins to speak to me now, I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his Wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this Device, a happy one Captain?

Capt. Speak low, *George*; Prison Rats have wider Ears than those in Malt-lofts.

Nich.

Nich. Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they say,——
to——do——

Capt. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed, that;
ne'er talk further on't, the Fool will be hang'd e'er he do't.

Corp. Pox, I'll thump 'im to't.

Pye. Why, do but try the Fopster, and break it to him
bluntly.

Capt. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Jaws, and the
Slave slaver out our purpose to his Master; for would I were
but as sure on't, as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nich. I would be heartily glad, Cousin, if any of my
Friendships, as they say, might——stand, ha——

Pye. Why, you see he offers his Friendship foolishly to
you already.

Capt. Ay, that's the Hell on't, I would he would offer it
wisely.

Nich. Verily, and indeed la, Cousin——

Capt. I have took note of thy Fleers a good while, if thou
art minded to do me good? as thou gap'st upon me comfort-
ably, and giv'st me charitable Faces; which indeed is but a
fashion in you all that are Puritans, wilt soon at Night steal
me thy Master's Chain?

Nich. Oh, I shall fowne!

Pye. Corporal, he starts already!

Capt. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and
with the half of that, I can buy my Life at a Broker's, at
second hand, which now lyes in pawn to the Law; if this
thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in
that thou art held in good Opinion of thy Master, why 'tis
a palpable Argument thou hold'st my Life at no Price,
and these thy broken and unjointed Offers are but only
created in thy Lip, now Born, and now Buried, foolish
Breath only: what, would do't? shall I look for Happiness
in thy answer?

Nich. Steal my Master's Chain, quoth he? no, it shall
ne'er be said, that *Nicholas St. Antlings* committed Bird-
lime!

Capt. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be
a Puritan, yet he will be a true Man.

Nich. Why Cousin, you know 'tis written, Thou shalt
not Steal.

Capt. Why, and Fool, thou shalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in Extremities.

Nich. Mafs I think it be indeed ; in what Chapter's that, Cousin ?

Capt. Why in the first of Charity, the second Verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quoth a, that's a good Jest, there's no such Chapter in my Book !

Capt. No, I know 'twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes it so little in thy Heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a Kinsman i'faith ; the Captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the Pomwater of his Eye, and you to be so uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nich. Pray do not wish me to be hang'd, any thing else that I can do ; had it been to rob, I would ha' don't, but I must not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou shalt not Steal ; and would you wish me to Steal then ?

Pye. No Faith, that were too much, to speak truth ; why wilt thou Nim it from him ?

Nich. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully ; he will be content with that, or he shall ha' none ; let me alone with him now, Captain. I ha' dealt with your Kinsman in a Corner ; a good unkind-natur'd Fellow, methinks : Go to, you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. Ay, that I will, Cousin.

Capt. Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.

Corp. Here's no notable gullery ?

Pye. Nay, I'll come nearer to you, Gentleman, because we'll have only but a Help and a Mirth on't, the Knight shall not lose his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way some one or two Days.

Nich. Ay, that would be good indeed, Kinsman.

Pye. For I have a farther reach, to profit us better, by the missing on't only, than if we had it out-right, as my Discourse shall make it known to you ; — when thou hast the Chain, do but convey it out at a Back-door into the Garden,

Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary Bank, but for a small Season; and by that harmless device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of Prison, the Knight thy Master shall get his Pardon, and release him, and he satisfy thy Master with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both Hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la;
Pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very necessary thou should'st know, because thou must be employ'd as an Actor?

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parson rails against Players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once,—as he will be horribly drunk.

Corp. Mafs I cannot blame him then,
Poor Church spout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. Ay, that, that.

Pye. Give me Audience then; when the old Knight thy Master has rag'd his fill for the loss of the Chain, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in Prison, of such exquisite Art, that the Devil himself is *French* Lackey to him, and runs bare headed by his Horse—Belly, when he has one; whom he will cause, with most *Irish* dexterity, to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a Mine of Sea-coal, and ne'er make Spade or Pick Axe his Instruments; tell him but this, with farther Instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou shewest thy self a Kinsman indeed.

Corp. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honest—Book-keeper.

Capt. And my three times thrice honey Cousin?

Nich. Nay, grace of God I'll rob him on't suddenly, and hang it in the Rosemary bank, but I bear that mind, Cousin, I would not steal any thing, methinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good Mind in that, Captain.

Pye. Why, well said,
He begins to be an honest Fellow, faith.

Corp. In truth he does.

Nich. You see, Cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, always saving my self harmless. *[Exit Nicholas.]*

Capt. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I shall requite it.

Corp. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou hast such an egregious Ass to thy Cousin.

Capt. Ay, is not that a fine Fool, Corporal? But, *George*, thou talk'st of Art and Conjuring, How shall that be?

Pye. Puh, be't not in your care, Leave that to me and my Directions; Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now, E'en with the vantage, Man, to gain by Prison, As my Thoughts prompt me: Hold on brain and plot, I aim at many cunning far events, All which I doubt not to hit at length; I'll to the Widow with a quaint Assault; Captain, be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more flights, and one will knit strong in another——Corporal Oath.

Corp. Ho! Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, I have a necessary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-boord*.

Corp. What e'er it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a Quarrel before the Lady *Widow's* Door, and draw your Swords i'th' edge of the Evening: Clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh!

Let us alone to make our blades ring noon,
Though it be after Supper.

Pye. I know you can;
And out of that false Fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief——and, Captain, to countenance my Device the better, and grace my Words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Suit, that I had of a young Reveller t'other Night, for words pass not regarded now a-days, unless they come from a good Suit of Cloaths, which the Fates and my Wits had bestowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er be seen within twelve score

score of a Prison, for I protest at this instant, I walk in great danger of small Debts. I owe Mony to several Hostesses, and you know such Jills will quickly be upon a Man's Jack.

Capt. True, *George*.

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporal and Ancient, thou shalt hear more News next time we greet thee.

Corp. More News? Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in Heav'n shalt thou. [*Exeunt.*]

Capt. Enough; my Friends, farewell,
This Prison shews as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

A C T II.

Enter Moll, youngest Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. NOT marry? forswear Marriage? why all Women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lye with a Man; and I, to spight my Sister's Vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of the last Feather, he says he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me Mony to Dice withal, and many such pleasing Protestations he sticks upon my Lips: Indeed his short-winded Father i'th' Country is wondrous wealthy, a most abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time; troth I'll venture upon him; Women are not without ways enough to help themselves: If he prove wise and good as his word, why I shall love him, and use him kindly; and if he prove an Ass, why in a quarter of an Hour's warning I can transform him into an Oxe;—there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Mistress *Moll*, Mistress *Moll*.

Moll. How now? what's the News?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir *John Penny-Dub*.

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother seen him yet?

Frail. O no, she's---spitting in the Kitchen,

Moll. Direct him hither softly, good *Frailty*,
I'll meet him half way.

Frail. That's just like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll
break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happiness my Mother saw him not.

O welcome, good Sir *John*.

Dub. I thank you faith—Nay you must stand me 'till
I kiss you: 'Tis the Fashion every where i' faith, and I came
from Court e'now.

Moll. Nay, the Fates forefend that I should anger the
Fashion?

Dub. Then not forgetting the sweet of new Ceremonies,
I first fall back, then recovering my self, make my Honour
to your Lip thus; and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pretty and moving, you're worthy
on't, Sir.

O my Mother, my Mother, now she's here,

Kissing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll steal into the Gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

Sir God. Nay, Sister, let Reason rule you, do not play
the Fool, stand not in your own Light, you have wealthy
Offers, large Tendrings, do not withstand your good For-
tune; who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small Fool,
a rich Knight o'th' City, Sir *Oliver Muck-hill*, no small
fool I can tell you; and furthermore, as I heard late by
your Maid-servants, as your Maid-servants will say to me
any thing, I thank 'em, both your Daughters are not with-
out Suitors, ay, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier,
Sir *Andrew Tipstaffe*, suiter afar off to your eldest Daugh-
ter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmer's Son, a fine young
Country Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*, a good
Name marry, he may 'have it coin'd when he lacks Mony;
what Blessings are these, Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? do I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's
not so old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my Senses, Brother, when you name
A Suiter to me,—oh I cannot abide it,
I take in Poison when I hear one nam'd.

Enter

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my Son *Edmond*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exercise, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I shall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferior, as *Harry of Monmouth* won all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all; so *Edmond of Bristow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond of London* that's his Son now, will spend all.

Sir God. Peace, Sister, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forsooth, Madam; there are two or three Archers at Door would very gladly speak with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husband's Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come near, they bring home things of his, Troth I should ha' forgot 'em, how now? Villain, which be those Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penny-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not see 'em before you? are not these Archers, what do you call 'em Shooters? Shooters and Archers are all one, I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant Slave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady, We come in way of honourable Love.

Tipst. Dub. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Dub. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the Tears are scarce out of mine Eyes, not yet wash'd off from my Cheeks, and my dear Husband's Body scarce so cold as the Coffin, what reason have you to offer it? I am not like some of your Widows that will bury one in the Evening, and be sure to another e'er Morning; pray away, pray take your Answers good

Knights, and you be sweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry;—and so have my Daughters too!

Dub. Ay, two of you have, but the third's a good Wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewd Answer marry; the best is, 'tis but the first, and he's a blunt Wooer, that will leave for one sharp Answer.

Tipst. Where be your Daughters, Lady, I hope they'll give us better Encouragements?

Wid. Indeed they'll answer you so, take't a my word they'll give you the very same answer *Verbatim*, truly la.

Dub. Mum: *Moll's* a good Wench still, I know what she'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never; and I live these thousand Years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain,——look you put off all your Suits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put off all their Suits, quotha? ay, that's the best wooing of a Widow indeed, when a Man's Nonsuted; that is, when he's a-bed with her.

[*Going out Muckhil and Sir Godfrey.*

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*, here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. [Exit *Muckhil*.

Sir God. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhil*, I'll stick close for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-board the Scholar.

Pye. By your leave, Lady Widow.

Wid. What another Suiter now?

Pye. A Suiter, no, I protest; Lady, if you'd give me your self, I'd not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so, Sir, then you're the better welcome, Sir.

Pye. Nay, Heav'n blefs me from a Widow, unless I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntness; well, your Business, Sir?

Pye. Very needful; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needful? Brother, pray leave us; and you, Sir.

Frail. I should laugh now, if this blunt Fellow should put on the Stirrop, and vault into the Saddle himself, and do a Trick.

[Exit *Frailty*.

Enter

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now, Sir? —here's none but we—Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak importeth equally to them as you.

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pye. I pray bestow on me a serious Ear, For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. Ay, if't pass unregarded, and uneffected, Else peace and joy ;——I pray Attention.

Widow, I have been a meer Stranger for these Parrs that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain spiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? ruh; that word deserves to be spit upon; I wonder that a Man of sober Tongue, as you seem to be, should have the Folly to believe there's such a place.

Pye. Well, Lady, in cold Blood I speak it, I assure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your Husband to reside, and wherein he is like to remain, 'till the dissolution of the World, 'till the last general Bonfire; when all the Earth shall melt into nothing, and the Seas scald their finny Labourers; so long is his abidance, unless you alter the property of your purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpose of single Life in your self and your eldest Daughter, and the speedy determination of Marriage in your youngest.

Moll. How knows he that? what, has some Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he should know our Thoughts:—— Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd speedy Marriage?

Pye. You see she tells you ay, she says nothing. Nay, give me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and yet you see I know your Determinations, which must come to me metaphysically, and by a super-natural Intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Fran. Know our Secrets?

Moll.

Moll. I'd thought to steal a Marriage, would his Tongue Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But, Sir, my Husband was too honest a dealing Man, to be now in any Purgatories——

Pye. O do not load your Conscience with untruths, 'Tis but meer folly now to gild 'em o'er; That has past but for Copper; Praises here, Cannot unbind him there: confess but truth, I know he got his Wealth with a hard gripe: Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is most strange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat Fools and ignorant Heirs clean up; And had his drink from many a poor Man's brow, Even as their labour brew'd it. He would scrape Riches to him most unjustly; The very dirt between his Nails was ill got; And not his own,——oh I groan to speak on't, the thought makes me shudder!—— Shudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't——Sir, I am much griev'd, that you a Stranger, should so deeply wrong my dead Husband!

Pye. Oh!

Wid. A Man that would keep Church so duly; rise early before his Servants, and e'en for Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay Sir Reverence untruss, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon High-days, and when I had great Guests, would e'en shame me, and rise from the Table, to get a good Seat at an Afternoon-Sermon.

Pye. There's the Devil, there's the Devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a Man, so 't'ad been done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, so 't'ad been near enough to the Preacher. Oh!——a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an Hour long, and will hide the upper part of a Dissembler.--- Church, ay, he seem'd all Church, and his Conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow, endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye.

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't, You may believe my strains, I strike all true. And if your Conscience would leap up to your Tongue, your self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present; a Brother of your Husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forefend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the Fortunes of you all; which are more fearful, if not happily prevented, — for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this Day some Blood-shed before your Door, whereof the humane Creature dyes, of you two the eldest shall run Mad.

Wid. and Fran. Oh!

Moll. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with most impudent prostitution, show your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me,
And your younger Daughter be stricken Dumb.

Moll. Dumb? out, alas; 'tis the worst pain of all for a Woman, I'd rather be Mad, or run Naked, or any thing. Dumb?

Pye. Give Ear: E'er the Evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my Speech shall have past Probation, and then shall I be believ'd accordingly.

Wid. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Moll. Dumb? I'll speak as much as ever I can possible before Evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange Fortunes be prevented by that accident of Death and Blood-shedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your Lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that have such a desire to out-strip Chastity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the punishments that shall follow you in this World,

World, would with horror kill the Ear should hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? Why I vow'd never to marry.

Fran. And so did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be such an Afs, but to marry. What a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are reveal'd to me : I would they were to your Tempers, and Fellows with your Bloods; that's all the bitterness I would you.

Wid. O! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'll to Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearful presages.

Fran. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. O ay, they do, they do;

If any happy issue crown thy words,

I will reward thy cunning.

[*Exit Wid. and Fran.*]

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady, I wish no higher.

Moll. Dumb? and not marry? worse;

Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse,

[*Exit.*]

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller; as well as if I had had a Witch to my Gran-
nam: for by good happiness, being in my Hostesses Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine Ear to a hole in the Wall, and heard 'em make these vows, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my Forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmish* the Soldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and instead of giving the Corporal some Cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into his Mouth a Potion of a sleepy Nature, and make him seem as dead; for the which the old Soldier being apprehended, and ready to be born to Execution, I'll step in, and take upon me the Cure of the dead Man, upon pain of dying the con-

condemned's death : the Corporal will wake at his Minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought it self, and so shall I get my self into a most admir'd Opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion : and if that foolish *Nicholas St. Antlings* keep true time with the Chain, my Plot will be found, the Captain deliver'd, and my Wits applauded amongst Scholars and Soldiers for ever.

[*Exit Pye-board.*]

Enter Nicholas St. Antlings, with the Chain.

Nich. O, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneakt it away by little and little, most Puritanically ! we shall have good sport anon when he has mis'd it, about my Cousin the Conjurer; the World shall see I'm an honest Man of my word, for now I'm going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rosemary-branches.

[*Exit Nich.*]

A C T. III.

Enter Simon St. Mary-Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah, *Simon St. Mary-Overies*, my Mistress sends away all her Suiters, and puts Fleas in their Ears.

Sim. *Frailty*, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous Woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, whatsoe'er comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy Flesh desires a Conjunction Copulative; what Strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but Master *Pilfer* the Taylor : he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Master *Sud's* a good Man, he washes the fins of the Beard clean.

Enter old Skirmish the Soldier.

Skir. How now, Creatures? what's a Clock?

Frail. Why, do you take us to be *Jack* at the Clock-House?

Skir.

Skir. I say again to you, what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conscience, all worldly Clocks we know go false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conscience? — O, I must break off, here comes the Corporal — hum, hum: — what's a Clock?

Enter Corporal.

Corp. A Clock? why past seventeen.

Frail. Past seventeen? nay, h's met with his match now, Corporal *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou dost not bawk nor baffle me, dost thou? I am a Soldier — past seventeen?

Corp. Ay, thou art not angry with the Figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12 and 1 is thirteen, I hope, 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 sixteen, and 5 seventeen, then past seventeen, I will take the Dial's part in a just Cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past five then.

Corp. I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then: dost thou not know Numbers? canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? dost thou speak of my casting i'th street?

[*Draw.*

Corp. Ay, and in the Market-place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

[*Simon runs in.*

Frail. Ay, I knew by their shuffling, Clubs would be Trump: Mafs here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs,

Enter Pye-board.

Capt. O Villain, thou hast open'd a Vein in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for shame, for shame, put up, put up.

Capt. By yon blue Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh, peace now — I have a Cordial here to comfort thee.

Off. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay Hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay Hands on me?

Pye. I'll not be seen among 'em now.

Capt. I'm hurt, and had more need have Surgeons Lay Hands upon me, than rough Officers.

Off.

Off. Go, carry him to be dress'd then:
Thus mutinous Soldier shall along with me to Prison.

Skir. To Prison? where's George?

Off. Away with him. [*Exeunt with Skir.*]

Pye. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amaz'd Widow
Will plant me strongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns these presages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
Mingled with admiration: these empty Creatures,
Soldier and Corporal, were but ordain'd
As instruments for me to work upon.

Now to my Patient, here's his Potion [*Exit Pye-board.*]

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts!

O lucky fair event! I think our Fortunes
Were blest e'en in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all those shameful violent presages

By this rash bleeding chance: go, *Frailty*, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my Door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the Superior, but if he
had no Mony when he came there, I warrant he's dead by
this time. [*Exit Frailty.*]

Fran. Sure that Man is a rare Fortune-teller, never lookt
upon our Hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous
Fellow surely.

Moll. I am glad I have the use of my Tongue yet, tho' of
nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother Sir Godfrey, I would he were
here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cun-
ning Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have lost my Chain,
where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, he's lost his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me speak, you know I told
you that a Cunning-man told me, that you should have a
loss, and he has Prophesied so true.

Sir

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophesie of the loss of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, besides 'twas my Father's, my Father's Father's, my Grandfather's huge Grandfather's : I had as lief ha lost my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it. O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be against a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more ! O goodly godly Sister, would you had me lost more ? my best Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace ? my Holiday Gascoins, and my Jerkin set with Pearl ? no more !

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read ———

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is : what Strangers have been here ? you let in Strangers, Thieves, and Catch-poles : how comes it gone ? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not — steal I hope ?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, Sirrah ? the news ?

Frail. O, Mistress, he may well be call'd a Corporal now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capon's ?

Wid. More happiness.

Sir God. Sirrah, what's this to my Chain ? where's my Chain, Knave ?

Frail. Your Chain, Sir ?

Sir God. My Chain is lost, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me : Alas, Sir, I saw none of your Chain since you were hung with it your self.

Sir God. Out Varlet ; it had full three thousand Links, I have oft told it over at my Prayers :

Over and over, full three thousand Links.

Frail. Had it so, Sir, sure it cannot be lost then ; I'll put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why ? why ?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Links, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long Nicholas, where is my Chain ?

Nich.

Nich. Why about your Neck, is't not, Sir?

Sir God. About my Neck, Varlet? my Chain is lost,
'Tis stoll'n away, I'm robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a Man.

Nich. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistress, I could bring him to a cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a Sefarara.

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient, say, where dwells he?

Nich. Marry he dwells now, Sir, where he would not dwell, and he could chuse, in the *Marshalsea*, Sir; but he's an excellent Fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the World o'er, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces: why, he would make it be fecht, Sir, if it were rid a thousand Mile out of Town.

Sir God. An admirable Fellow, what lies he for?

Nich. Why, he did but rob a Steward of ten Groats t'other Night, as any Man would ha done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'll make his peace,
A trifle, I'll get his pardon,
Besides a bountiful reward, I'll about it,
But see the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it straight, good Sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my Blood. [Exit.

Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw, two Serjeants, with Yeoman Dogson, to arrest George Pye-boord.

Put. His Hostess where he lies will trust him no longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the Scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Serjeant *Ravenshaw*, I have the good Angel to arrest him.

Rav. Troth I'll take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the sake of the Mony so much, as for the hate I bear to a Scholar. Why, Serjeant, 'tis natural in us you know to hate Scholars; natural besides, they will publish our Imperfections, Knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. Ay, and spightfully too; troth I have wondred how

the Slaves could see into our Breasts so much, when our Doub-
lets are button'd with Pewter.

Rav. Ay, and so close without yielding: oh, they're par-
lous Fellows, they will search more with their Wits, than a
Constable with his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman
Dogson.

Dog. Ha? what says Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries Shop still?

Dog. Ay, ay.

Put. Have an Eye, have an Eye.

Rav. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Scholar, he
wears no Weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he wears no Weapon.

Rav. Mass, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in bet-
ter Heart: nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag
him if he be stiff-Necked; I have been one of the six my
self, that has dragg'd as tall Men of their Hands, when their
Weapons have been gone, as ever Bastinado'd a Serjeant—
I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's coming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little,
let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha fish'd
in my time.

Rav. Ay, and caught many a Fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-board.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Chain's couch'd,
And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongst joys, I'm e'en lost,
For my device can no way now be crost,
And now I must to Prison to the Captain, and there——

Put. I arrest you, Sir.

Pye. Oh—— I spoke truer than I was aware, I must to
Prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a Scholar, nay Sir—— Yeoman
Dogson, have care to his Arms——you'll rail against Serjeants,
and stage 'em, you tickle their Vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman, —— I'm little less.

Put.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good Jest i'faith; can a Scholar be a Gentleman ——— when a Gentleman will not be a Scholar; ——— look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Scholars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Scholar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inseparabile* to my Blood.

Rav. A rablement, nay, you shall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and enter the Action i'th' Counter. [Exit Dog.]

Pye. Pray do not handle me cruelly, I'll go Whither you please to have me.

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hostesses Suit where you lye, Mistress *Canniburrow*, for Bed and Board, the Sum four Pound five Shillings and five Pence.

Pye. I know the Sum too true, yet I presum'd Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my Stars:
And I must bear it now, though never harder.
I swear now, my device is crost indeed.
Captain must lye by't: this is Deceit's seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my Garter, and I'll away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus [Making to tie his Garter.]

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne'er recover of this Disease: hot Iron gnaw their Fists: they have struck a Fever into my Shoulder, which I shall ne'er shake out again I fear me, 'till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me; oh if I take Prison once, I shall be press'd to death with Actions, but not so happy as speedily; perhaps I may be forty Year a pressing 'till I be a thin old Man, that looking through the Grates, Men may look through me; all my Means is confounded, what shall I do? has my Wits served me so long, and now give me the slip (like a train'd Servant) when I have most need of 'em: no Device to keep my poor Carcase from these *Put-*

locks? — yes, happiness, have I a Paper about me now? yes too, I'll try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto Wit*, ay, ay.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away, Sir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant, I protest, you could never ha took me at a worse time, for now at this instant I have no lawful Picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how shall we come by our Fees then?

Rav. We must have Fees, Sirrah.

Pye. I could have wish'd i'faith, that you had took me half an Hour hence for your own sake, for I protest if you had not cross'd me, I was going in great joy to receive five Pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this Paper, but now, come, I must be contented, 'tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my Fortunes.

Put. Why, how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. Ay, well said Serjeant, 'tis good to cast about for Mony.

Put. Speak, if it be not far —

Pye. We are but a little past it, the next Street behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievously already, if you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double Fees, and spend upon's, why we'll show you that kindness, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. Ay, well said still, Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will suffice, it shall all be among you, for my part I'll not pocket a Penny, my Hostess shall have her four Pound five Shillings, and bate me the five Pence, and the other fifteen Shillings I'll spend upon you.

Rav. Why, now thou art a good Scholar.

Put. An excellent Scholar i'faith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

[*Exeunt with him; passing in, they knock at the Door with a Knocker withinside.*]

Ser. Who knocks, who's at Door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few Friends here, — pray is the Gentleman your Master within?

Ser.

Ser. Yes, is your business to him?

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me:

I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay by my troth, Sir, pray come near, I'll in and tell him of you, please you to walk here in the Gallery 'till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his Worship, — Worship I think, for so much the Posts at his Door should signifie, and the fair coming in, and the Wicket, else I neither knew him nor his Worship, but 'tis happiness he is within Doors, whatsoever he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this House, is't not most wholsomely plotted?

Rav. Troth Prisoner, an exceeding fine House.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me, for he ne'er knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembered in your Master.

A pretty comfortable Room this methinks:

You have no such Rooms in Prison now?

Put. Oh, Dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes indeed — I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here shortly, nay, and Dyet too, for he's the most free-heartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it. And what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and study, and make Verses?

Put. O, it stands pleasantly for a Scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what Maps, and Pictures, and Devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Mafs here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; — All happiness to your Worship.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, Sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mafs, it seems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, Sir.

Pye. I beseech you, conceal me, Sir, I'm undone else, — I have the Mask here for you, Sir, Look you, Sir, — I beseech your Worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extreams make me bolder than I would be; I am a poor Gentleman, and a Scholar, and now most unfortunately

fall'n into the hands of unmerciful Officers, arrested for Debt, which though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I'm destitute of Lands, Mony, and Friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the Prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with Fees and Extortions be pinch'd clean to the Bone: Now, if ever pity had interest in the Blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Pnt. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my Extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do; at last it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy use of this Paper, and to blear their unletter'd Eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offer'd their attendance to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your Door, Sir, which my thoughts shew'd me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon Understanding, and Pity: may it please your good Worship then but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your Men put me out at a Back-door, and I shall be bound to your Worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth an excellent Device.

Pnt. An excellent Device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Pnt. O, there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Scholar, and especially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my Life: good Wit, brave Wit, finely wrought, come in, Sir, and receive your Mony, Sir.

Pye. I'll follow your good Worship,——
You heard how he lik'd it now?

Pnt. Puh, we know he could not chuse but like it: go thy ways, thou art a fine witty Fellow i'faith, thou shalt Discourse it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye.

Pye. Ay, ay, that I will, — look, Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty Toys, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the Mony, you know.

Put. Go, go, little Villain, fetch thy chick, I begin to love thee, I'll be drunk to Night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part
Of my Salvation, in these earthly evils,
For he has sav'd me from three hungry Devils. [*Exit Pye.*

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy them yet, methinks they're too busie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the Counter in the *Poultry*.

Rav. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the Houses.

Dog. Mass, that's true, then we must look o'th' back-side for't: 'sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare Fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never mark'd so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see Men peep out of Door in 'em, oh, we might have 'em in a Morning to our Breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our Heels to the ground a whole Day for 'em.

Rav. Ay marry Sir, I'd buy one my self.
But this talk is by the way, where shall's Sup to Night:
Five Pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.

I have a trick worth all, you two shall bear him to th' Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the Sum, to finger Mony; because she knows 'tis but a desperate Debt, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share t'other fifty Shillings, Bullies?

Put. Why, I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Rav. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't i'faith.

Dog. 'Sfoot, I think he receives more Mony, he stays so long.

Put. He tarrys long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountiful.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll search him.

Put. Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Rav. Oh, here comes the Gentleman,---By your leave, Sir.

Gent. God you god den Sirs, —— would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your Worship, Sir; only we are bold to stay for a Friend of ours that went in with your Worship.

Gent. Who? not the Scholar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your Worship.

Gent. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gone above an Hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gent. I paid him his Mony, and my Man told me he went out at Back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gent. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our Prisoner, Sir, we did arrest him.

Gent. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers —— you were to blame then,

Why did not you make known to me as much;

I could have kept him for you, I protest,

He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,

Of the last Coyning.

Rav. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. 'Sfoot has he gull'd us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup, *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a Month.

Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship, —— you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard Fortunes to miss the Purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Rav. The Hole shall rot him.

Dog. Amen.

Gent. So,

[*Exeunt.*

Vex

Vex out your Lungs without Doors, I am proud,
It was my hap to help him, it fell fit,
He went not empty neither for his Wit:
Alas, poor Wretch, I could not blame his Brain,
To labour his Delivery, to be free,
From their un pitying fangs,——I'm glad it stood
Within my power to do a Scholar good. [Exit.

Enter in the Prison, meeting, Pye-boord and Captain, Pye-boord coming in muffled.

Capt. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The same that I should be, Captain.

Capt. Geore Pye-boord, honest George? why cam'st thou
in half fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should ne'er ha' laugh'd
again, never spent frolick Hour again.

Capt. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with News
As happy as thy quick Delivery,
Was trac'd out by the scent, arrested, Captain.

Capt. Arrested, George?

Pye. Arrested; guess, guess, how many Dogs do you think
I'd upon me?

Capt. Dogs? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once.

Capt. How didst thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our Wits, let it
suffice,

Here I stand safe, and scap'd by Miracle:
Some other Hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep
Our Eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy Happiness, for e'er the Day
Be spent to th' Girdle, thou shalt be free:
The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is mis'd,
Thy Kinsman has exprest thee, and the old Knight
With Palsey-hams now labours thy release.
What rests, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain.

Capt. Conjure? 'sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a
conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'd not
have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring;
look

look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready characterized and all.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right Wits, dost know what thou sayst? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? didst thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy Life? dost call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, methinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why every Fool knows that, Captain; nay then I'll not cog with you, Captain, if you'll stay and hang the next Sessions you may.

Cap. No, by my Faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be released, as my Wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put Crowns in your Purse, to make you a Man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Soldier, to make you now a Commander of rich Fools, which is truly the only best purchase Peace can allow you, safer than High-ways, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better Booty; for your greatest Thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wise, and cheat within Doors; and we geld Fools of more Mony in one Night, than your false-tail'd Gelding will purchase in a Twelve-Months running, which confirms the old Beldams saying, He's wisest, that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good Fire.

Cap. Well opened i'faith, *George*, thou hast pull'd that saying out of the Husk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't: 'tis nothing.

Cap. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to say to't, conjure? I shall be hang'd e'er I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne'er conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you; look you, Sir, a parlous Matter, sure, first to spread your Circle upon the Ground, then with a little conjuring Ceremony, as I'll have an Hackney-man's Wand silver'd o'er a purpose for you, then arriving in the Circle, with a huge Word, and a great Trample, as for instance have you never seen a stalking, stamping

stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his Tongue, and Thunder with his Heels?

Capt. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like such a one? for any thing will blear the old Knight's Eyes; for you must note, that He'll ne'er dare to venture into the Room, only perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I shall but shame my self i'faith, *George*, speak big words, and stamp and stare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh outright, and spoil all; nay I'll tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative Laughter, that if the Devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his Face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a Man, and may easily be hush'd, as to think upon some disaster, some sad Misfortune, as the Death of thy Father i'th' Country.

Capt. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an ecstasie, that I should ne'er lin laughing else.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging.

Capt. Mafs that's well remembered, now I'll do well, I warrant thee, ne'er fear me now; but how shall I do, *George*, for boisterous Words, and horrible Names?

Pye. Puh, any fustian Invocations, Captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecary's Shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Capt. Troth, and you say true, *George*, there's strange words enow to raise a hundred Quack-salvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin? but here lyes the fear on't, how if in this false Conjuraton, a true Devil should pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne'er such a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as false a Knave as our last Church-warden.

Capt. Then he's false enough a Conscience i'faith *George*.

The Cry at Marshalsea. Enter Sir Godfrey, Mr. Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cry Prisoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, send your relief:

Good Gentlemen over the way,—Good, Sir *Godfrey*?

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Master, that's my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin—Kinsman, that's my Master yonder i'th Taffaty Hat—pray salute him intirely.

[*They salute; and Pye-boord salutes Master Edmond.*

Sir God. Now my Friend.

Pye. May I partake your Name, Sir?

Edm. My Name is Master *Edmond*.

Pye. Master *Edmond*,—are you not a *Welshman*, Sir?

Edm. A *Welshman*? why?

Pye. Because Master is your Christen Name, and *Edmond* your 'Sir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Master *Edmond Plus* is my full Name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy, Sir? [*Whispering.*

Capt. I understand that you are my Kinsman's good Master, and in regard of that, the best of my Skill is at your Service; but had you fortun'd a meer Stranger, and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the Man; both by reason of the Act of Parliament against Conjurers and Witches, as also, because I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjuror, and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my Sister's House,---mine own House I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, Sir,---what may I call your loss, Sir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great Loss, a grievous Loss, Sir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I say it, that wore it; how say'st thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain of Gold, Kinsman, you know——

Sir God. You know, did you know't, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Trust a Fool with secrets?—*Sir*, he may say I know; his meaning is, because my Art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all Things——

Sir God. Ay, very true.

Capt. A pox of all Fools——the excuse stuck upon my Tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariner's Gown, not to come off in haste——ber-lady, Knight, to lose such a fair Chain of Gold, were a foul Loss; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between Heav'n and Earth, Knight, I'll ha't for you.

Sir God. A wonderful Conjuror,——O I, 'tis between Heav'n and Earth, I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,——I know 'tis somewhere about the Earth.

Capt. Ay, nigher the Earth than thou wot'st on.

Sir God. For first, my Chain was rich, and no rich taing shall enter into Heav'n, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir God. Thou say'st true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Capt. Faith, Knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the Power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain again.

Sir God. O dainty Captain!

Capt. Marry, it will cost me much sweat, I were better go to sixteen Hot-houses.

Sir God. Ay, good Man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great Vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nich. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Cousin, because you have not been us'd to't.

Sir God. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Capt. Plague of all Fools still;——indeed, Knight, I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more, you know.

Sir God. O it wil', it will.

Capt. What plunges he puts me to? Were not this Knight a Fool, I had been twice spoil'd now; that Captain's worse than accurst that has an Afs to his Kinsman, 'sfoot, I fear he will drivelt out before I come to't.——Now, *Sir*,——to come to the point indeed,——you see I stick here in the jaw of the *Marshalsea*, and cannot do't.

Sir

Sir God. Tut, tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldst say thou'rt a Prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Capt. How, none? why is not this the *Marshallsea*?

Sir God. Will't hear me speak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:

My Chain was lost, I sweat for thy Release,

As thou shalt do the like at home for me:

Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir God. Speak, is not this Man free?

Keep. Yes, at his Pleasure, Sir, the Fees discharg'd.

Sir God. Go, go, I'll discharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worship.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Capt. Now, trust me, you're a dear Knight; kindness unexpected! O there's nothing to a free Gentleman,—— I will conjure for you, Sir, 'till Froth come through my Buff-Jerkin.

Sir God. Nay, then thou shalt not pass with so little a Bounty, for at the first sight of my Chain again,——forty five Angels shall appear unto thee.

Capt. 'Twill be a glorious show, i'faith, Knight, a very fine show; but are all these of your own House? are you sure of that, Sir?

Sir God. Ay, ay; no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray Heav'n he give him good Counsel.

Capt. Who, he? he's a rare Friend of mine, an admirable Fellow, Knight, the finest Fortune-teller.

Sir God. O! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady Sister, and foretold the loss of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I see 'twas my Fortune to lose it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimpse of you at home, at my Sister's the Widow's, there you prophesied of the loss of a Chain:——simply, though I stand here, I was he that lost it.

Pye. Was it you, Sir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rarest Fellow, has told me my Fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir God. What is't? God send it a good one.

Edm.

Edm. O, 'tis a passing good one, Nuncle; for he says I shall prove such an excellent Gamester in my time, that I shall spend all faster than my Father got it.

Sir God. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humor so pat.

Sir God. Ay, that will be the end on't; will the Curse of the Beggar prevail so much, that the Son shall consume that foolishly, which the Father got craftily; ay, ay, ay; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, stay, stay.

[*Pye-boord with an Almanack, and the Captain.*

Capt. Turn over, *George.*

Pye. *June, July;* here, *July,* that's the Month, *Sunday* thirteen, Yesterday fourteen, to Day fifteen.

Capt. Look quickly for the fifteenth Day,—if within the compass of these two Days there would be some boisterous Storm or other, it would be the best, I'd defer him off 'till then; some Tempest, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteenth Day,—hot and fair.

Capt. Puh, would t'ad been, hot and foul.

Pye. The sixteenth Day, that's to morrow; the Morning for the most part, fair and pleasant.

Capt. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and Thunder.

Capt. Lightning and Thunder? admirable! best of all! I'll conjure to morrow just at high-noon, *George.*

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'll give thee leave to lye all the Year after.

Capt. Sir, I must crave your Patience, to bestow this Day upon me, that I may furnish my self strongly,—I sent a Spirit into *Lancashire* t'other Day, to fetch back a Knave-Drover, and I look for his return this Evening—to morrow Morning, my Friend here and I will come and breakfast with you.

Sir God. O, you shall be most welcome.

Capt. And about noon, without fail, I purpose to conjure.

Sir God. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to conjure at our House to morrow, Sir?

Capt. Marry do I, Sir; 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm.

Edm. By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we shall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nich. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Capt. Law, he could ha told him of that, Fool, Coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, Sir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earn some Mony of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is lost?

Capt. Oh, any thing that's lost.

Edm. Why look you, Sir, I tell't you as a Friend and a Conjuror; I should marry a Potheary's Daughter, and 'twas told me, she lost her Maiden-head at *Stony-Strasford*: Now if you'll do but so much as Conjure for't, and make all whole again——

Capt. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Capt. A little merry with your Sister's Son, Sir.

Sir God. Oh, a simple young Man, very simple; come Captain, and you, Sir; we'll e'en part with a Gallon of Wine 'till to morrow Break-fast.

Tip. Capt. Troth, agreed, Sir.

Nich. Kinsman——Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nich. Am I indeed, la; I thank you heartily, la. [*Exe.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dub.

Dub. **B**UT I hope you will not serve a Knight so, Gentlewoman, will you? to casheer him, and cast him off at your Pleasure; what do you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my Faith, Lady's Daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dub*, let it be defer'd a-while, I have a Heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Dub. Pax o'th' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his Fortune seven Year ago, to cross my Love thus; did he know

know what case I was in? why this is able to make a Man drown himself in's Father's Fish-Pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the Breach of it kept my Father in Purgatory.

Dub. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his Heart there, what have we to do with that? there's Physicians enow there to cast his Water, is that any Matter to us? how can he hinder our Love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? --- Well, have I rid Post Day and Night, to bring you merry News of my Father's Death, and now ---

Moll. Thy Father's Death? is the old Farmer dead?

Dub. As dead as his Barn-Door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your Word with me now, Sir *John*, that I shall have my Coach and my Coachman?

Dub. Ay faith.

Moll. And two white Horses with black Feathers to draw it?

Dub. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come trashing after't.

Dub. Thou shalt, *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me have Mony in my Purse to go whither I will.

Dub. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made sure together before the Maids o'th' Kitchen. [Exit.

Enter Widow, Frances and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey*? went he forth this Morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at Breakfast, with Sir Reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of Fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare Fellow, Mistress, very strongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin; he says he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain again, if it hang between Heaven and Earth.

Wid. What! he will not? then he's an exlent Fellow I warrant; how happy were that Woman to be blest with such a Husband, a Man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty*? very swartly I warrant, with black Beard, scorcht Cheeks, and smoaky Eye-brows.

Frail. Foh ——— he's neither smoak-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to see to as one of us ; I do think, but if you saw him once; you'd take him to be a Christian.

Fran. So fair, and yet so cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, and Sir Andrew Tiptaffe.

Muck. Bless you, sweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Mistress. [Exit Frailty.]

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen ? Fie, did I not give you your Answers ?

Muck. Sweet Lady ?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you for a Kifs; Daughter, kiss the Gentleman for once.

Fran. Yes Forsooth.

Tip. I'm proud of such a Favour.

Wid. Truly la, Sir *Oliver*, you're much too blame to come again when you know my Mind so well delivered — as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther Comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your Suit quite and clean when you came to me again ? how say you ? did I not ?

Muck. But the sincere Love which my Heart bears to you ———

Wid. Go to, I'll cut you off: and Sir *Oliver* to put you in Comfort, afar off, my Fortune is read me, I must marry again.

Muck. O blest Fortune !

Wid. But not as long as I can chuse; nay, I'll hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now ? what's the haste ? [In her Ear.]

Tip. Faith, Mistress *Frances*, I'll maintain you gallantly, I'll bring you to Court, wean you among the fair Society of Ladies poor Kinswomen of mine in Cloth of Silver, beside you shall have your Monkey, your Parrot, your Muskat, and your Pifs, Pifs, Pifs.

Fran. It will do very well.

Wid.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how shall I do to be rid of these Knights, — please you, Gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' Garden, to gather a Pink, or a Gilly-flower.

Both. With all our Hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd. [Exeunt.

Sir God. within.] Step in, *Nicholas*, look, is the Coast clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's Eye, Sir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer; — now — how like you our Room, Sir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-boord, Edmond, and Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderful convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest Room in my Mother's House, as dainty a room to Conjure in, methinks, — why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What, Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthiest Men he could get.

Sir God. Nay, put by your Chats now, fall to your Business roundly, the Fescue of the Dial is upon the Chriscross of Noon; but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualm comes o'er my Stomach.

Cap. Why, what's the Matter, Sir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil should prove a Knave and tear the Hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, Sir *Godfrey*.

Edm. Ay, Nunkle, or spit Fire upo'th' Sealing.

Sir God. Very true too, for 'tis but thin Plaistered, and 'twill quickly take hold a' the Laths; and if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the Boards.

Cap. My Life for yours, Sir *Godfrey*.

Sir God. My Sister is very curious and dainty o'er this Room, I can tell you, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th' Chimney.

Pye. Why, assure you, Sir *Godfrey*, he shall not be brought up with so little Manners, to spit and spawl a'th' floor.

Sir God. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I, ——— fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the Door with some of the Godlies Zealous Works.

Edm. That will be a fine Device, Nuncle ; and because the ground shall be as holy as the Door, I'll tear two or three Rosaries in pieces, and strew the Pieces about the Chamber ; Oh ! the Devil already. [*Runs in. Thunders.*]

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, speak somewhat for shame ; it Lightens and Thunders before thou wilt begin, why when ?

Cap. Pray Peace, George, ——— thou'lt make me laugh anon, and spoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins again ; now, now, now ! Captain.

Cap. Rhumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Polis.

Sir God. *through the Key-hole, within.*] Oh admirable Conjuror ! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark, hark, again Captain.

Cap. Benjamins, gaspois-kay-gosgothoteron-umbrois.

Sir God. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no Conscience to put a Man to such Pain.

Pye. Again.

Cap. Flowste kak opumpas-dragone-leloomenos-hodge podge.

Pye. Well said, Captain.

Sir God. So long a coming ? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me these roaring Tempests will destroy all the Fruits of the Earth, and tread upon my Corn ——— oh, i'th' Country.

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounslow, hockley te coome park.

Wid. O Brother, Brother, what a Tempest's i'th' Garden, sure there's some Conjuror abroad.

Sir God. 'Tis at home, Sister.

Pye. By and by I'll step in, Captain.

Cap. Nunck Nunck Rip-Gascoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor Man ; alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjuror, what would'st thou with me ?

Sir

Sir God. O, the Devil, Sister, i'th' Dining-Chamber ;
sing, Sister, I warrant you that will keep him out ; quick-
ly, quickly. [Goes in.

Pye. So, so, so ; I'll release thee ; enough Captain, e-
nough ; allow us some time to laugh a little, they're shud-
dering and shaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were
in their Kidneys.

Cap. Sirrah George, how was't, how was't ? did I do't
well enough ?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better than any Con-
jurer, for here was no harm in this ; and yet their horri-
ble expectation satisfied well, you were much beholding to
Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'd you well,
I can tell you.

Cap. I must needs say so, George, Sirrah if we could ha'
convey'd hither cleanly a Cracker, or a Fire-wheel, t'ad
been admirab'e.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to
pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain ? I protest, George, my Heels are sorer than
a Whison Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's past now, ——— only to reveal that the
Chain's i'th' Garden, where, thou know'st, it has lain these
two Days.

Cap. But I fear, that Fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it al-
ready.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you must put to it th' venture
now : Nay'tis time, call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I
believe some of 'em are in a pitiful Case by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinsman, ——— 'sfoot
they're fast at it still ; George, Sir *Godfrey* ?

Sir God. Oh, is that the Devil's Voice ? how comes he
to know my Name ?

Cap. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir God. What, is he laid ?

Cap. Laid ; and has newly dropt
Your Chain i'th' Garden.

Sir God. I'th Garden ! in our Garden ?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir God. O sweet Conjuror ! whereabouts there ?

Cap. Look well about a Bank of Rosemary.

Sir God. Sister, the Rosemary-bank, come, come; there's my Chain, he says.

Wid. Oh, happiness! run, run.

[*Supposeth to go.*

Edm. Captain Conjuror?

[*Edm. at key-hole.*

Cap. Who? Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Ay, Master *Edmond*; may I come in safely without Danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long ago, it is all as 'twas at first; Fear nothing, pray come near, ————— how now, Man?

Edm. Oh! this Room's mightily hot i'faith; 'slid, my shirt sticks to my Belly already; what a steam the Rogue has left behind him? Foh, this room must be air'd, Gentlemen, it smells horribly of Brimstone, ————— let's open the Windows.

Pye. Faith, Master *Edmond*, 'tis but your Conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, i'faith, who do you think I cannot smell his Savour, from another; yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a Fear, i'faith; a my Troth I shall love you for this the longest Day of my Life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you see more.

Edm. Mafs, now remember, I'll look whether he has findged the Hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little sport till they come; make him believe, you'll charm him invisible, he's apt to admire any thing, you see, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare Fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Master *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet; why now at this Instant I could flourish my Wand thrice o'er your Head, and charm you invisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk invisible Man? I should laugh at that i'faith; troth I'll requite your Kindness; an you'll do't, good Captain Conjuror.

Cap. Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small kindness, Master *Edmond Plus*, why, look you, Sir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are invisible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Cap.

Cap. You see the Fortune-teller yonder at farther end o'th' Chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he shall ne'er find you.

Edm. Say you so, I'll try that i'faith ---- [*Justles him,*

Pye. Hoe now Captain? who's that justled me?

Cap. Justled you? I saw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, ——— say 'twas a Spirit.

Cap. Shall I? ——— may be some Spirit that haunt the Circle.

Pye. O my Nose, agen, pray conjure then, Captain,

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any Knavery now and never be seen, ----- and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey* my Uncle abus'd me t'other day, and told Tales of me to my Mother ——— Troth now I'm invisible, I'll hit him a round whirrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden, --- I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frances, Nicholas with the Chain.

Sir God. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again. [*Edmond strikes him.*

O sweet Captain, O admirable Conjuror.

O, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why, Captain, am I not invisible?

Cap. A good jest, *George*, ——— not now you are not, Sir, Why did not you see me, when I did uncharm you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain;

Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,

I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.

Sir God. So, you would do't? go, --- you're a foolish Boy, And were I not o'ercome with greater Joy, I'd make you taste Correction.

Edm. Correction, push ——— no, neither you nor my Mother, shall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir God. Captain, my joy is such, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my sweet Chain, gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare Man; 'twas just i'th' *Rosemary-bank*, as if one should ha laid it there, ——— O cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my Fortune tells me I must marry ; let me marry a Man of Wit, a Man of Parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the World knows that a worthy Captain is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a sweet Bed-fellow for any Lady, ——— I'll have it so ———

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Mistress, Gentlemen, there's the bravest Sight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave Sight ?

Frail. O, one going to burying, and another going to Hanging.

Wid. A rueful Sight.

Pye. 'Sfoot, Captain, I'll pawn my Life the Corporal's Coffin'd, and old *Skirmish* the Soldier going to Execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking ; hold out a little longer, sleepy Potion, and we shall have extant Admiration ; for I'll take upon me the Cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the Soldier bound, and led by Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. O here they come, here they come !

Pye. Now must I close secretly with the Soldier, prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were those Brothers, that fought and bled before our door,

Sir God. What, they were not, Sister ?

Skir. George, look to't, I'll peach at *Tiburn* else.

Pye. Mum ——— Gentles all, vouchsafe me Audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff :

Yon Man is bound to Execution,

Because he wounded this that now lyes coffin'd.

Sher. True, true, he shall have the Law, ——— and I know the Law.

Pye. But under Favour, Master Sheriff, if this Man had been cur'd and safe again, he should have been releas'd then ?

Sher. Why, make you Question of that, Sir ?

Pye. Then I release him freely, and will take upon me the Death that he should die, if within a little Season I do not cure him to his proper Health again.

Sher.

Sher. How, Sir? recover a dead Man?
That were most strange of all. [*Frances comes to him.*]

Fran. Sweet Sir, I love you dearly, and could wish my best part yours,——— O do not undertake such an impossible venture.

Pye. Love you me? then for your sweet sake I'll do't: Let me entreat the Corps to be set down.

Sher. Bearers, set down the Coffin,——this is wonderful, and worthy *Stow's Chronicle*.

Pye. I pray bestow the freedom of the Air upon our wholesome Art,——— Mafs his Cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: Nay, good Corporal, wake betime, or I shall have a longer Sleep than you,———'sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a Property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, than have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, O——he stirs———he stirs again——look, Gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us———out, alas.

Pye. Nay, pray be still; you'll make him more giddy else,———he knows no Body yet.

Corp. Zowns; where am I? cover'd with Snow? I marvel?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would Swear the first thing he did, as soon as he came to Life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot, Hostels——some hot Porridge,——oh, ho, lay on a dozen of Faggots in the Moon Parlour, there.

Pye. Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him i'faith, and send him into your Kitchen Fire.

Wid. O, with all my Heart, Sir *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nick. Bear him in, quotha, pray call in the Maids, I shall ne'er have the Heart to do't, indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost, of all Men.

Corp. 'Sloud, let me see, where was I drunk last Night? hah———

Wid. O, shall I bid you once again take him away?

Frail. Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you——oh———

Wid.

Wid. Away, Villains, bid the Maids make him a Cawdle presently to settle his Brain-----or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly. *[Exeunt, pushing in the Corps.]*

Sher. Sir, whatsoe'er you are, I do more than admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest Men within the Walls of Christendom.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderful: Officers, I discharge you, set him free, all's in tune.

Sir God. Ay, and a Banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most cheerfully invite you, and your late Prisoner there: See you this goodly Chain, Sir, mum, no more Words, 'twas lost and is found again; come, my inestimable Bullies, we'll talk of your Noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and instead of a Jester, we'll ha the Ghost i'th' white Sheet sit at upper end o'th' Table.

Sher. Exlent, merry Man, i'faith. *[Exit.]*

Fran. Well, seeing I am enjoind to love, and marry, My foolish Vow thus I casheer to Air
Which first begot it,-----now, Love, play thy part;
The Scholar reads his Lecture in my Heart. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. **T**HIS is the Marriage-morning for my Mother and my Sister.

Frail. O me, Master *Edmond*, we shall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my Mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis past five, bid them open the Church-door, my Sister is almost ready.

Frail. What already, Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Nay, go hie thee, first run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Master *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Milliner, and then run home again.

Frail.

Frail. Here's run, run, run——

Edm. But hark, *Frailty*.

Frail. What, more yet?

Edm. Have the Maids remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Frail. Foh, an hour ago I help'd 'em my self.

Edm. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away then. [*Exit Frailty.*

Edm. I shall have a simple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our Street: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate Name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the finest Name that can be for a Woman, and then the Scholar, Master *Pye-boord* for my Sister *Frances*, that will be Mistress *Frances Pye-boord*, Mistress *Frances Pye-boord*, they'll keep a good Table, I warrant you: Now all the Knights Noses are put out of joint, they may go to a Bone-setters now.

Enter Captain, and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; O who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my sweet Captain, and my fine Scholar? O how bravely they are shot up in one Night, they look like fine *Britains* now methinks, here's a gallant change i'faith; 'slid, they have hir'd Men and all by the Clock.

Capt. Master *Edmond*, kind, honest, dainty Master *Edmond*.

Edm. Foh, sweet Captain Father-in-law, a rare perfume i'faith.

Pye. What, are the Brides stirring? may we steal upon 'em, think'st thou, Master *Edmond*?

Edm. Faw, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you; for they were at their Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled down the Stairs.

Pye. Alas, poor Master *Edmond*.

Enter Musicians.

Capt. O, the Musicians! I prethee, Master *Edmond*, call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, sweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her Cloaths.

Dub. Whewh, Mistress *Moll*, Mistress *Moll*.

Moll. Who's there ?

Dub. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub* ? O you're an early Cock i'faith, who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer ?

Dub. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my Faith, Sir *John*, I'll keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous, if once you get above.

Dub. I'll not stay i'faith.

Moll. I'faith you shall stay; for, Sir *John*, you must note the nature of the Climates: Your Northern Wench in her own Country may well hold out 'till she be fifteen, but if she touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go presently after twelve.

Dub. O thou'rt a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haste, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'll not be long after.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous unheard of Forgery!

Tip. Knight, I never heard of such Villany in our own Country, in my Life.

Muck. Why, 'tis impossible, dare you maintain your Words?

Skir. Dare we? e'en to their wezen Pipes; we know all their Plots, they cannot squander with us, they have knavishly abus'd us, made only Properties on's to advance their selves upon our Shoulders, but they shall rue their Abuses, this Morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much besotted on Sights and Forgeries, the Revelation of their Villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I sent late last Night to an Honourable Personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness, as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his Tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me,
and

and to speak Truth, for such needful Occasions, I only preserve him in Bond, and sometimes he may do me more good here in the City by a free Word of his Mouth, than if he had paid one half in Hand, and took Doomsday for t'other.

Tip. In troth, Sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have publish'd much Judgment in these few Words.

Muck. For you know, what such a Man utters will be thought effectual, and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his Mouth we'll put the approved Theme of their Forgeries.

Skir. And I'll maintain it, Knight, if she'll be true.

Enter a Servant.

Muck. How now, Fellow.

Ser. May it please you, Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his Honour's early; You see he loves me well; up before Heaven, Trust me, I have found him Night-capt at eleven: There's good hope yet; come, I'll relate all to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar. After them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow chang'd in Apparel, Mistress Frances led between two Knights: Sir John Penny-Dub and Moll; there meets them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipstaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your Honour is most chastly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you; upon whom can I justly cast this Blot, but upon your own Forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, such is the blind besotting in the state of an un-headed Woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a Handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of Credit, State, and Posterity, and strongly to doat on those, that only love you to undo you; and regard you least, are best regarded; who hate you most, are best beloved. And if there be but one Man amongst ten thousand Millions of Men, that is accurst, disastrous,
and

and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all Societies esteem least, that Man is sure to be a Husband——Such is the peevish Moon that rules your Bloods. An impudent Fellow best woes you, a flattering Lip best wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughliest, is most sweetest; nor can you distinguish Truth from Forgeries, Mists from Simplicity; witness those two deceitful Monsters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitful——

Pye. All will out.

Cap. 'Sfoot, who was blab'd, *George?* that foolish *Nicholas.*

Nob. For what they have besotted your easie Blood withal, were nought but Forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falshood of all; nothing but meer Knavery, Deceit and Couzenage.

Wid. O wonderful! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his Craft, could not keep himself out of Purgatory.

Sir God. And I more wonder, that my Chain should be gone, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred most of all, that I should be tied from Marriage, having such a mind to't; come Sir *John Penny-Dub*, fair Weather on our side, the Moon has chang'd since Yesternight.

Pye. The sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their Fellow-actor in those Forgeries, who full of Spleen and Envy at their so sudden Advancements, reveal'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Base Soldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't possible we should be blinded so, and our Eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that false, which too soon you believ'd true?

Wid. O, to my shame, I do.

Sir God. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly lost, and strangely found again.

Nob. Resolve him of that, Soldier.

Skir.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the Arch-Gull of all.

Sir God. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'll prove it: For the Chain was but hid in the Rosemary-bank all this while, and thou gotst him out of Prison to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir God. O Villany of Villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's Truly la, indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: Pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings*.

Sir God. O Villain! one of our Society, Deem'd always Holy, Pure, Religious:

A Puritan, a Thief? when was't ever heard?

Sooner we'll kill a Man, than Steal, thou know'st.

Out Slave, I'll rend my Lion from thy Back——

With mine own Hands.

Nich. Dear Master, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.

And now, Widow, being so near the Church, 'twere great pity, nay uncharity, to send you home again without a Husband: Draw near, you of true Worship, State and Credit: That should not stand so far off from a Widow, and suffer forged Shapes to come between you. Not that in these I blemish the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar, for I honour worthy and deserving parts in the one, and cherish fruitful Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, bestow your Eyes and your purest Affections, upon Men of Estimation, both in Court and City, that have long wooed you, and both with their Hearts and Wealth sincerely love you.

Sir God. Good Sister, do: Sweet little *Frank* these are Men of Reputation, you shall be welcome at Court; a great Credit for a Citizen, sweet Sister.

Nob. Come, her silence does consent to't.

Wid. I know not with what Face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own Face, they desire no other.

Wid.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my Daughter have wrong'd your Loves.

Muck. 'Tis easily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my Soul,

Fran. And I, with all my Heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John*, with Soul, Heart, Lights and all.

Sir God. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady :

What honest Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furnish you with Hand and Voice:
A happy change, which makes e'en Heav'n rejoice.
Come, enter in your Joys, you shall not want,
For Fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you shall have Hands enough to give me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



